

1st M U L L Y
O F
M O U N T O W N.
A
P O E M.
25. January 1704

By the Author of *The TALE of a TUB.*

I.

MOUNTOWN! Thou Sweet Retreat from *Dublin Cares*,
Be Famous for thy *Apples* and thy *Pears*,
For *Turnips*, *Carrats*, *Lettice*, *Beans* and *Pease*;
For *PEGGYS* Butter, and for *PEGGYS* Cheese.
May Clouds of *Pidgeons* round about thee fly,
But Condescend sometimes to make a *Pye*,
May Fat *Geese* Gaggle with Melodious Voice,
And ne'er want *Gooseberries*, or *Apple-Sauce*:
Ducks in thy *Ponds*, and *Chickens* in thy *Penns*,
And be thy *Turkeys* Numerous as thy *Hens*:
May thy *Black Pigs* lie Warm in little *Stye*,
And have no thought to Greive them till they *Dye*.
MOUNTOWN! The *MUSES* most Delicious *Theam*,
Oh! May thy *Codlins* Ever Swim in *Cream*:
Thy *Rasp--* and *Straw-Berries* in *Bourdeaux* Drown
To add a Redder *Tincture* to their own:
Thy *White-Wine*, *Sugar*, *Milk*, together Club
To make that Gentle Viand *Syllabub*.
Thy *Tarts* to *Tarts*, *Cheese-cakes* to *Cheese-cakes* joyn
To Spoil the Relish of the Flowing *Wine*,
But to the Fading *Pallat* bring Relief
By thy *West-Phalian-Ham*, or *Belgick Beef*;
And to Compleat thy Blessings in a Word,
May still thy Soil be Generous as it's Lord.

II.

Oh *PEGGY*, *PEGGY*, when thou go'st to *Brew*,
Consider well what you're about to do,
Be very *Wise*, very Sedately *Think*
That what you are about to make, is *Drink*:
Consider who must Drink that *Drink*, and then,
What 'tis to have the Praise of *Honest Men*:
For surely *PEGGY*, while that *Drink* does last
'Tis *PEGGY* will be *Toasted*, or *Disgrac'd*.
Then, if thy *Ale* in *Glass* thou would'st Confine,
To make it's Sparkling Rays in Beauty Shine,
Let thy Clean Bottle be Entirely Dry,
Least a White Substance to the Surface Fly,
And Floating there, Disturb the Curious Eye.
But this Great *Maxim* must be Understood,
Be sure; 'nay, very sure, thy *Cork* be Good;
Then Future Ages shall of *PEGGY* tell,
That *Nymph* that *Brew'd*, and *Bottled Ale* so well.

III.

How Fleet is *Air*! How many *Things* have Breath,
Which in a Moment, they Resign to *Death*;
Depriv'd of *Light*, and all their Happiest State,
Not by their *Fault*, but some O'erruling *Fate*!
Altho' Fair *Flowers*, that justly might Invite,
Are Cropt, Nay Torn away for *Man's Delight*;
Yet still those *Flowers*, Alas! Can make no Moan,
Nor has *NARCISSUS* now a Power to Groan.

But all those things which Breath in *different* Frame,
 By tye of common Breath, Man's Pitty Claim.
 A Gentle *Lamb* has Rhetoric to Plead,
 And when she sees the Butcher's Knife Decreed,
 Her *Voice* Intreats him not to make her Bleed;
 But Cruel *Gain* and Luxury of *Tast*,
 With *Pride*, still lays Man's fellow *Mortals* Waste:
 What *Earth* and *Waters* Breed, or *Air* Inspire,
 Man for his *Pallat* fits by Torturing *Fires*.

MULLY a Cow Sprung from a Beauteous Race,
 With Spreading Front, did MOUNTOWNS Pastures Grace;
 Gentle she was, and with a Gentle *Stream*,
 Each Morn and Night gave *Milk* that equal'd *Cream*.
 Offending *None*, of *None* she stood in Dread,
 Much less of *Persons* which she Daily Fed:

But Innocence cannot it self Defend
 'Gainst Treacherous Arts, veil'd with the Name of Friend.

ROBIN of Darby-shire, whose Temper shocks
 The Constitution of his Native Rocks,
 Born in a *Place, which if it once be Nam'd,
 Would make a Blushing Modesty Asham'd:
 He with Indulgence Kindly did *Appear*
 To make poor MULLY his peculiar Care,
 But Inwardly this Sullen Churlish Thief
 Had all his Mind plac'd upon MULLY'S Beef;
 His Fancy Fed on her, and thus he'd Cry,
 MULLY as sure as I'm *Alive* you *Dye*;

* The Devil's
 Arse of Peak.

'Tis a Brave Cow, O Sirs, when CHISTMAS comes
 These *Shins* shall make the Porridge Grac'd with *Plumbs*;
 Then midst our *Cups*, whilst we Profusely *Dine*,
 This *Blade* shall enter deep in MULLY'S *Chine*:
 What *Ribs*, what *Rumps*, what *Bak'd*, *Boyl'd*, *Stew'd* and *Roast*?
 There shan't one Single *Tripe* of her be lost.
 When PEGGY, Nymph of MOUNTOWN, heard these Sounds,
 She Griev'd to hear of MULLY'S Future Wounds,
 What Crime says she, has Gentle MULLY done?
 Witness the Rising and the Setting *Sun*
 That knows what *Milk* she Constantly would Give,
 Let that Quench ROBINS Rage, and MULLY Live.

DANIEL a Sprightly Swain that us'd to Slash
 The Vigorous Steeds that Drew his Lords *Calash*,
 To PEGGY'S Side Inclind, for 'twas well known
 How well he lov'd those Cattle of his own.

Then TERRENCE Spoke Oraculous and Sly,
 He'd neither Grant the Question or Deny;
 Pleading for *Milk*, his Thoughts were on *Mince-Pye*.
 But all his Arguments so Dubious were
 That MULLY thence had neither Hopes nor Fear.

You've Spoke says ROBIN, but now let me tell ye
 'Tis not Fair Spoken *Words* that Fill the *Belly*;
Pudding and *Beef* I Love, and cannot Stoop
 To Recommend your *Bonny Clapper Soop*;
 You say she's *Innocent*, but what of *that*;
 'Tis more than *Crime* sufficient that she's *Fat*;
 And that which is Prevailing in this Case
 Is, there's another Cow to fill her Place,
 And Granting MULLY to have *Milk* in Store
 Yet still this other Cow will give us More
 She Dies——Stop here my MUSE, forbear the rest,
 And Veil that Grief which cannot be Exprest.